

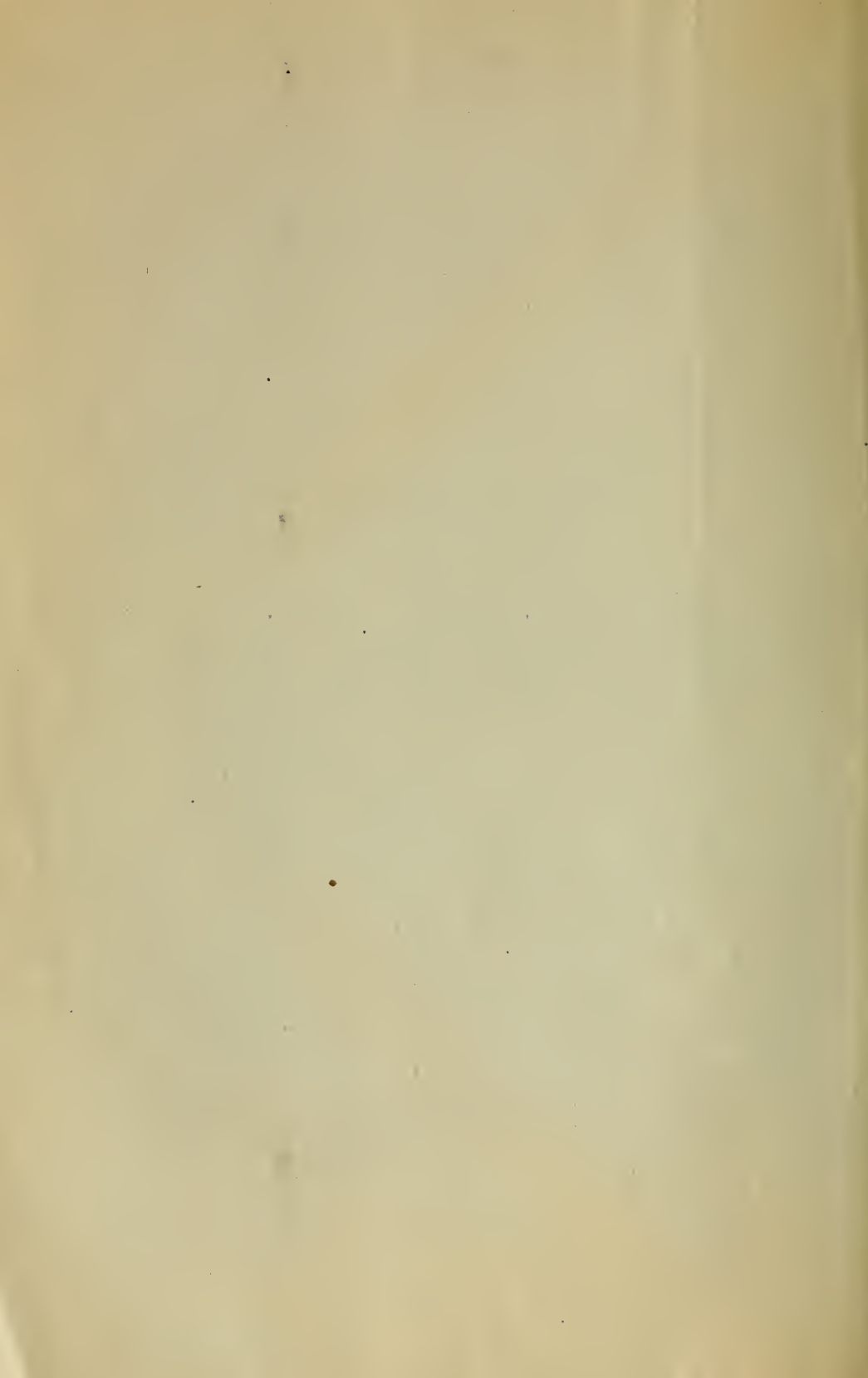
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AN IRISH DRAMA.

IN FOUR ACTS.

BY H. A. LEWIS.

ST. LOUIS, MO.:
THE GILBERT BOOK COMPANY,
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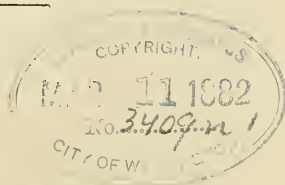


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LANDLORD AND TENANT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LORD DUNROSE, Earl of Dunrose Castle, Ireland.
LORD ARTHUR, Son of Lord Dunrose.
PAT McTIERNAN, Valet to Lord Arthur.
JOHN MACGUIRE, Steward of Dunrose Castle.
TIM GRADY, Bailiff.
COLLINS, Attorney for the Crown.
FLINNAGAN, Attorney at Law.
BRADY, Irish-American Attorney.
DENNIS O'BRIAN, Grandson of John O'Brian.
JOHN O'BRIAN, Servant on Dunrose Estate.
MARGARET O'BRIAN, Wife of John O'Brian.
LENA O'BRIAN, Granddaughter of John O'Brian.
BRIDGET O'BRIAN, Granddaughter of John O'Brian.
LADY DUNROSE, Wife of Lord Dunrose.
LADY CECILIA, Daughter of Lord Dunrose.
Judge, Guards and Jury.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. — *Lodgings in London.* LORD ARTHUR and PAT McTIERNAN.

Lord Arthur (well in his cups). Home again! Home again! Well, it is a relief to get back to Old England once more, and out of that blasted country. Give me a chair. Say, now, by Jove, are you sure this is my place? No mistake? No scenes? No more rows? I had enough of that sort of thing in America. That blasted malaria, it is all through me, even in my hair. My hat don't fit. Take it away.

Pat McTiernan. Yes, sir, this is your place; rest easy about that; no trouble here. (*Aside.*) His conscience hurts him, and he has been drinking a little drop too much and calls it malaria. Well, this is pretty good. But I will get him into bed, for the journey has been too much for him and he needs rest, for the governor will

want to see him to-morrow, and he will then have malaria in his head and hair sure enough, for my Lord, you drew too many drafts on the governor. (*Aloud.*) Now, as you are not well, just let me put you into bed, my Lord, and you will feel better.

Lord Arthur. Well, may be I would. But, Pat, what do you think will become of Lena? And if the governor only knew about her, what would he do? And the drafts—do you think they have reached here yet? By Jove, I am ruined; and my constitution is full of that accursed malaria, and it seems I will never get rid of it.

Pat McTiernan. Cheer up, my Lord; never take more trouble on your head than you can kick off at your heels, you know. And remember all the fun you had while in America—hunting, fishing and gambling.

Lord Arthur. Yes, gambling; and the drafts, and the woman, and my father when he finds it all out. Don't tell him, Pat, for the world; don't tell him. Oh, that malaria! that malaria! Let me get to bed. What is that knocking at the door? Oh, my father's voice. Let me retire, quick. I cannot see him to-night, my constitution is so racked. Oh, the malaria! Tell him that, Pat, but not about the woman and the gambling; but about hunting and fishing, and how expensive it all is—that is a good fellow. (*LORD ARTHUR enters another room.*)

Pat McTiernan. Now for my Lord, and a pretty tale I must tell; all for the sake of a man, my master, whose vices are many and whose virtues are few, and merits the contempt of every man and woman. But the woman he so basely deserted—he may well think of her; for unless I am mistaken as to the situation, Pat McTiernan has set the ball in motion that will humble the proud house of Dunrose, and make my Lord Arthur have reason to say, I have malaria all through me. (*Enter LORD DUNROSE.*)

Lord Dunrose. Well, Pat, where is your master; he is here, I suppose? I want to see him. Tell him so.

Pat McTiernan. Your Lordship, he is here; but on account of being knocked up from the journey and having the malaria pretty bad, he has retired, sir.

Lord Dunrose. What, retired? and not to see me? Go and tell him I want to see him at once.

Pat McTiernan. Very good, sir. (*Aside.*) Now the war opens and a fine time we will have of it, to be sure.

Lord Dunrose. Hold, Pat; do you say he has already retired?

Pat McTiernan. I did, your Lordship.

Lord Dunrose. Here, here! Come back here, and I will ask you a few questions, and see to it that you tell me truth; and you can tell your master in the morning, I want to see him at once.

Pat McTiernan. As it please your Lordship; and how could I deceive your Lordship about anything.

Lord Dunrose. Now, Pat, I want to know what your master did with all the money he spent in America. I hear he took old O'Brian's granddaughter away from Dunrose Castle, and that she went to America with him; but keeping her does not account for the extravagance he indulged in. Did he bring her back with him?

Pat McTiernan. Your Lordship knows it is not the duty of a servant to inquire into his master's concerns, and leastways tell what he sees that would not be to the credit of his master; but the young woman was left in New York. (*Aside.*) But in good hands, that will not stop with her long, if my name is Pat McTiernan, and can judge.

Lord Dunrose. You have grown very honest in your duty to your master, but this won't do to me; for while you serve him you are in my service; for he being my son and under my protection, makes you my servant while serving him. So now to it, and tell me what you know. Did he bet or gamble in any way while over there?

Pat McTiernan. Your Lordship knows all gentlemen gamble with their friends, and a lord would not be a lord who would not bet on a horse-race. And my master is a very fine gentleman and follows the example of his most noble father, and tried to keep up the reputation of his ancestors while in America, and may be it did take a good bit of money; but I know my place, sir, and do not ask questions of my betters.

Lord Dunrose. Where did he go? and what did he do?

Pat McTiernan. Your Lordship well knows it is an awful big country, and he went all over it. Hunted buffalo on the Staked Plains, hooked trout in the Rocky Mountains, killed bear in the Yellowstone Park, and panthers in New Mexico; and as there are mighty few railroads in that country, it takes a good bit of money to travel. And money seems so plenty where they dig it out of the mountains, it goes easy; and for my master to live as the rest of the fine young men out there, it cost him a good bit of money. Ah! your Lordship, to see a bushel of gold pieces stacked upon the gambling table makes a man's mouth water for it, and before he knows it will run

his hand in his pocket for his money to win some of it. Everybody is trying his best to win that pile of money. Ah, you never saw the likes of it. And away out West, where you wouldn't think the likes of money ever was at all.

Lord Dunrose. Yes, yes; I see it all. You have told enough; I see it all. You never saw any one win in that game, I will warrant.

Pat McTiernan. Ah, sure and I did. One man won a bucketful and then lost all again. Bad luck to him!

Lord Dunrose. I see how it all is. Tell your master I want to see him the first thing in the morning, and to let nothing interfere with his coming to me. Do you hear?

Pat McTiernan. I do, your Lordship, and will deliver your message. (*Aside.*) And little he'll want to come, to be sure. (*Exit LORD DUNROSE. Enter LORD ARTHUR.*)

Lord Arthur. Pat, Pat, bring me some brandy and soda. This malaria! this malaria! it will be the death of me! What did the old governor say? Was he much mad?

Pat McTiernan. His Lordship was very anxious to see you, and says he must see you the first thing in the morning.

Lord Arthur. He wanted to see me, and must see me in the morning; and did he say what he wanted to see me about?

Pat McTiernan. He asked me about the trip, and what you did with so much money, and whether or not you gambled.

Lord Arthur. I see. I am ruined man, a ruined man, when the old governor finds it all out. And the girl, does he know about her, too?

Pat McTiernan. Yes, my master; he asked me about her also, and if you brought her back with you. But when I told him you left her in New York, he seemed to be satisfied with it.

Lord Arthur. This malaria (*holding glass in his hand*), it will be the death of me! I wish this glass was large enough, I would drown myself in it. But here goes to drown myself from the inside. Now, Pat, stow me away where I can forget myself and go to sleep. Oh, if there be one joy left for me on earth, its name is brandy and soda. Oh, this malaria! It is all through me.

(*End of scene 1.*)

SCENE II.—*Lord Dunrose's Mansion in London. Enter LORD DUNROSE.*

Lord Dunrose. Well, I do not like the fix this confounded boy has gotten me into. It is not pleasant; it is perplexing, for I do not

exactly see my way out of it. How he could have spent five thousand pounds in one year, in such a country as the United States, to keep up the dignity of the name he bears, is what I do not understand. I can't see through it. I shall have a sharp talk with him. As far as the girl goes, it does not much matter. I cannot blame him, for she was very pretty, and he turned her loose, too, where she can get her living by tying to the first man who has money and will take her as his mistress. But to have so much trouble to collect rents from those brutes of tenants, and have a son with such a genius for spending money, do not go well together. But we will see. It may not be so bad after all. (*Enter LORD ARTHUR.*) How now, Arthur? I did not get to see you last night. Your man said you were very tired and not well, so had retired early. Hope you are all right to-day, and returned full of valuable information of America, and ready to shine when the Queen calls you to the House of Lords.

Lord Arthur. I am most happy to see you, father, and looking so well. I was not well last night and retired early. Malaria, sir; have been troubled with it of late. Have seen a great deal of America, but it is all a bore, I assure you, sir — positively all a bore. All so primitive; nothing worth mentioning or caring for. To be sure there is the hunting and fishing, but one has to go so far to get it. And when you get where the game is, any common fellow who chances to come up with you, if he is a better shot than you are, will carry off the game. All a bore, I assure you, and so very expensive. Every one you meet wants to make all he can out of you; and one pays so dearly for all he gets. I have brought a few trifles as souvenirs of the exploits I had while there, but they are not worth mentioning, I assure you; only valuable from association.

Lord Dunrose. You certainly enjoyed yourself while there.

Lord Arthur. Well, yes, after a fashion; but everything was so very primitive and uncongenial, you know. Everybody on perfect social equality; no distinction between a gentleman and his groom you know. By Jove, it was disgusting.

Lord Dunrose. It seems to me, you indulged slightly in that sort of thing yourself before leaving for America. Ha! ha!

Lord Arthur. How so? I assure you I do not comprehend.

Lord Dunrose. Well, Lena O'Brian, for instance, was a maid at Dunrose Castle, and I have been informed that you persuaded her to leave there and go with you to America.

Lord Arthur. Who told you so?

Lord Dunrose. Now, come, I am not blaming you for it. I admit she was very pretty; but, you know, choose even your mistresses from your own circle, if you want to avoid trouble. But you got rid of her like a man, and left her in New York. A very good place to leave her.

Lord Arthur. Who told you all that nonsense. You would make it appear that you were better posted in my affairs than I am myself. By Jove, you would.

Lord Dunrose. Well, never mind, it is something else I wanted to talk to you about. My agent informed me you had drawn on him for five thousand pounds while you were gone. Are the drafts yours, or are they forgeries? I must know, for if they are not yours, he shall lose every one of them he has paid; for you had enough money when you left here to have lasted until your return.

Lord Arthur. Well, by Jove, that fellow promised not to forward them for collection until such time as I could meet them, and I do not think it will amount to that much. It is very expensive in America, you know, and then a fellow has to keep up with the men he runs with, you know; and by Jove, I was with the best bloods, and we had a capital time. They bet high and have the best of everything the land affords, no matter what it costs; and I kept up with the best of them, and sustained the reputation of the British peerage, you know; by Jove I did. Then out West there was the game of "Monte;" and the way the boys play it, by Jove it is good. Thousands change hands in less than no time. By Jove, they play high and no mistake; you "bet" they do.

Lord Dunrose. And you played with the boys?

Lord Arthur. Oh, yes; I learned the game for amusement. You see there was not much else to do out there.

Lord Dunrose. I should like to know how the game is played.

Lord Arthur. Don't you do it! Don't you do it!

Lord Dunrose. Don't do what?

Lord Arthur. Try to learn monte. It is too expensive; you would be a pauper in a week. Poker ain't a circumstance.

Lord Dunrose. Ah, I see. I see where all the money went to. So you undertook to learn this game, and found, when too late, how expensive it was.

Lord Arthur (aside). I have given myself dead away, and do not know how to get out of it. I wish Pat was here, the dirty black-guard; he could help me out of it, I know. (*Aloud.*) Oh, not by

any means, I assure you. Only played a little for amusement, but saw how it was from observation, you know; by Jove I did. (*Aside.*) I feel the malaria coming on.

Lord Dunrose. Well, well, we will have to collect the rents more closely, and not let any of the brutes escape; and you will have to live more quietly now than I had intended you should.

Lord Arthur (aside). It is a great relief to get out of it so easily, and as long as he goes for the tenants, it is all right with me. (*Aloud.*) Thank you, father, I always knew you were a trump; by Jove I did.

Lord Dunrose. Well, you know, I used to be a little inclined that way myself; very fond of the girls. Ha! ha! And I see you are a chip off of the old block. I can not blame you for what I used to do myself. But be careful in the future, my boy, be careful in the future.

(*Enter LADIES DUNROSE and CECILIA.*)

Lord Arthur. My very dear mother, and my dear sister, how do you both do? I assure you I am very glad to see you after my long absence.

Lady Dunrose. I am very well, and happy to see you back once more.

Lady Cecilia. I am delighted to see you, but Pa says you have been very naughty and spent so much money it will most break us up; and those miserable wretches of tenants have no feeling for us, and only think of themselves. They do not want to pay the rent, and say their houses are not good enough — the mean things, when they are as good as they are used to having.

Lady Dunrose. Well, my dear son, we have, as your sister says, been very much distressed; but I feel like turning every one of those ungrateful wretches out of our houses and farms, for they try to give us all the trouble they can, and are wanting everything but to pay their rent; and that is too high for them, they say, and harp on their rights, as if they had any rights! Why, they have none! And if I had my way, and it was left to me, I would turn them all out of doors and let them try that a while, and I pledge my word they would be glad enough to pay the rent in the future, and make no complaint about it.

Lord Dunrose. As your mother and sister have just said, the tenants are giving us all the trouble they can, and every mail brings news of some additional complaints from some of them. I have so

far refrained from proceeding to extremities, but we must live, ourselves, and have money to keep up our establishment; we must live and entertain befitting our station, and to do so we must have our rents paid.

Lady Dunrose. Yes, we must refurnish our house this season, and I must have suitable apparel to appear in, wherever I go.

Lady Cecilia. And I must have ever so many new dresses, as I have worn all I now have, and you know a young lady of station never wears the same dress to more than one party, and we already have invitations to scores of grand parties this season; and I would drive those tenants all out of doors if they cannot pay the rent, and get others that would.

Lord Dunrose. Here comes the mail now, and we will see what further news from Dunrose Castle. Here is a letter from Macguire. We will open it first, and see what there is in regard to our affairs over there. (*Opens and reads.*)

"Your Lordship hardly knows or realizes the condition of things here. There are many of the tenants who have declared they are unable, at present, to pay the rent now due, but promise to pay next season. Their crops have been very short on account of a bad season, but they yet hope to meet their arrears. But there are some who will never be able to pay, old John O'Brian among the number, who, though he has been a good tenant heretofore, is now very old and his wife is feeble, and since his grandson was transported, and his granddaughter left her place and ran away, it has gone very hard with them; but without your orders. I would not give them notice."

Lady Dunrose. If they are too old to work, let them go to the poor-house. We certainly cannot afford to keep them on a good farm for nothing. Who ever heard of such a thing! No, no, they must go.

Lord Dunrose (reading): "I am of the opinion that not more than half the usual return can be relied upon from the entire estate, and all the tenants demand better houses and more fertilizers or a great reduction in the rent."

Lady Dunrose. That means I cannot get new furniture and give my usual entertainments.

Lady Cecilia. And that I will have to do without my new dresses, and will have to stay at home this season.

Lord Dunrose. Yes, yes; but it would not be so bad if it had not

been for Arthur's extravagance. Just think of spending five thousand pounds, and for nothing! At that rate he would consume the best estates in all the land.

Lord Arthur. I have the malaria very badly; all through me; and I feel very badly. I believe I will go to my lodgings.

Lady Dunrose. Why, Arthur, what is the matter with you?

Lord Arthur. You see I was exposed a good deal, you know, while in America, and got my system full of malaria, and it settled in my head, and it cost me a good bit of money to get it cured; but it still affects me when anything worries me, or I get fatigued. I think I had better go to my lodgings and rest a while.

Lord Dunrose. No, sir, you must not go now! But this seems very strange; I never heard of such a thing as malaria in the head.

Lord Arthur. No, it does not occur out of America, you know.

Lord Dunrose. So it was to get rid of this strange affliction, was where the immense amount of money you have spent has gone to, is it?

Lord Arthur. Well, yes. But the fellow said he would wait for the money, you know, and he has sent the drafts on. And besides, he guaranteed a permanent cure, and you see it still affects me. I had better go now, I think.

Lady Dunrose. This is dreadful to think of. And those miserable, ungrateful wretches who want to ruin us. I would have Macguire to give notice to those tenants, every one, who did not pay the rent, and those O'Briens particularly; they are all ungrateful. Just to think of that Lena who left our service and ran away, and created a scandal at our castle, and when she had a good place and good pay—two pounds the year—and to run off with some worthless fellow. I know it was some worthless fellow she ran off with. And there is that Dennis who was transported. He will be getting away and coming back, and will be sure to give us trouble. Do not talk to me, my Lord Dunrose, you had better attend to this at once, for we must live, as well as those miserable wretches. And our poor Arthur, see how afflicted he is.

Lady Cecilia. I quite agree with mother. There is no other way to do justice to ourselves but to get rid of all no-account, worthless tenants, and get some that can pay the rent. And as mother says, especially the O'Briens must go, and if they are old, they can go to the poor-house.

Lord Dunrose. Well, well, I suppose that is the best that can be

done; and I will write to Macguire and tell him to give them notice. What say you, Arthur, about the O'Brians? May be they can go to America, where they may meet some of their friends.

Lord Arthur. Ah, I assure you, I cannot give any advice about it, you know; it has been so long since I was there, you know. But you must have the rent, you know. I feel very badly and must go. (*Exit LORD ARTHUR.*)

Lady Dunrose. Poor fellow, poor fellow, he is so afflicted.

Lady Cecilia. Oh, it is too bad that he should suffer so much.

Lord Dunrose. I will send the orders to-day, and I will warrant when I get through, the tenants at Dunrose will be glad enough to accept my terms. And you need have no fears about the O'Brians, for I share your views. (*Aside.*) But for different reasons; and did they but know how nearly they affected poor Arthur. I go at once to attend to these matters.

Lady Dunrose. And we go to arrange for our entertainments. (*Exit all.*)

(*End act 1.*)

ACT II.

SCENE 1.— *O'Brian Cottage, Ireland. Enter JOHN and MARGARET O'BRIAN.*

John O'Brian. Poverty! poverty! It steals upon us with an iron grasp, and soon the little life left in us will be hushed forever.

Margaret O'Brian. John, do not cry out against Providence, but be thankful it is no worse. We still have this place to live in.

John O'Brian. Yes, yes; but when I remember that my own forefathers owned all these lands, and were robbed of them, and that I gave my own best years in defense of Great Britain, and followed the noble Wellington through all his wars, and that our son died fighting for his country at Sebastapol, and how we have devoted fifty years to working this little farm and have paid all the profits of our life-long labor to enrich our landlords, and see how they have wronged us in every way; and now to see ruin staring us in the face, and no prospect for improvement, it is too much to endure without complaining.

Margaret O'Brian. All you say is true, too true; but try not to look on the dark side. Hope that there will be some relief sent us, and at least we will have this place, though humble, that we can

still call home. Cheer up, my good man. We have indeed suffered much oppression in the loss of our two grandchildren, but they will yet come back to us, to cheer our old age, and while we have this old place, we will struggle on and hope for the best. (*Knocking at the door.*)

John O'Brian. Who is there? Go, Margaret, and let them in. There are some people at the door. (*Enter TIM GRADY, bailiff, and assistant.*) How now! how now! You have not come again for the rent, to pester an old man, when you know he has had no chance to get any money for you. God help us! God help us!

Tim Grady. My Lord Dunrose has ordered notice to quit to be served on all the tenants who have not paid the rent, and I have come to execute his orders, and serve notice on you.

Margaret O'Brian. My God, can this be true! After all we have suffered, that now as winter is coming on, we two old people are to be turned out of doors! You cannot mean it.

Tim Grady. It is true, Mrs. O'Brian, and here is the written notice. I leave it with you, Mr. O'Brian, and the law only gives you ten days to vacate the premises; and if at the end of that time you are not gone, I have my orders to eject you, every one. (*Exit TIM GRADY.*)

John O'Brian. What shall we do! what can we do! And no place to go to. And no friends to help us in our troubles. Oh, what can we do! What will become of us I cannot tell.

Margaret O'Brian. If only Dennis were here he could take care of and provide for us; but he was transported because he loved his country and his people, and joined a society that was striving to relieve their oppression and secure their freedom.

John O'Brian. Two old people, helpless! and yet driven out to starve for the sake of a few shillings due a lord who spends his thousands of pounds a year in fast living and furnishing his son money with which to seduce and debauch our daughters, the money being wrung from the hard earnings of the poor. And when misfortune overtakes our crops, though they have enjoyed the profits of our labor for years, yet they will not give us a chance to live; but must drive us out like dumb brutes to starve. This is too much, too much to bear!

Margaret O'Brian. Oh, it cannot be that Lord Dunrose can be so heartless. He will not drive us out. It cannot be possible that he means to have it done. I cannot believe that it is possible.

John O'Brian. I wish I thought so; but this notice — curse the thing — is the badge of our servitude; and like the old horse when he ceases to be of service, is driven out to die. So with us. We have lived too long. Outlived our usefulness, and must be turned out to die. (*Exit all.*)

(*End scene 1.*)

SCENE 2.—*On the road in Ireland. Enter DENNIS O'BRIAN, singing an Irish song.*

Dennis O'Brian. Back to dear old Ireland once more, and on the road to Dunrose Castle. To morrow I will be at the old home-place again. How long it seems since I left. I wonder what the boys are doing in Australia. It was too good the way I gave the guard the slip. An Irishman will be an Irishman wherever he goes, and the jack tars on the Clipper ship — God bless them — stowed me away, and here I am, well and hearty, and not much the worse for the wear, after three years' service in a foreign country. But I must keep very quiet or the constables will be after me — bad luck to them — and send me back again, and that won't suit me very well; so I must be on the lookout for the devils — may the curse of Mulchalee be upon them. I wonder how the old folks are, and my two sisters. All well, no doubt, as bad news never needs a carrier; it always goes itself. So as devil a bit of a word have I heard, that must be good news to me. And I will be there to morrow and set them all happy, no doubt. To-night I'll just sleep in the hedge and not disturb them, and as I am used to rough times, it will not hurt me; and maybe I will dream of home and the good time I will have when I get there. (*Exit, singing.*)

(*End scene 2.*)

SCENE 3.—*O'Brian Cottage. Enter JOHN and MARGARET O'BRIAN. MARGARET O'BRIAN very ill and in bed.*

Margaret O'Brian. I tell you, John, Dennis is coming. He will be here very soon.

John O'Brian. I hope he may; but all looks gloomy enough now.

Margaret O'Brian. I want to live long enough to see him, and tell him all the wrongs we have suffered, and have him try to find poor Lena.

John O'Brian. Poor Dennis! It will be little comfort he will

take in coming back, when he sees us turned out of doors and everything gone.

Margaret O'Brian. I hear him! I hear him! I know his footsteps! (*Enter DENNIS O'BRIAN.*)

Dennis O'Brian. How do you do, grandfather, and grandmother, too, and you so ill. I had expected to have seen you both well, and as I left you.

John O'Brian. The world has gone very ill with us since you left us, my son, and it is a bad way we are in now, to be sure; but we are both glad to see you. Margaret said you would be coming to-day, but I little thought how you could come back to us again.

Margaret O'Brian. I knew you would come. I saw you last night in the hedge, and was so glad you were coming, for I am not long for this world; and I wanted to tell you how we have been treated and how much we had suffered, before I died.

Dennis O'Brian. Do not talk about dying, grandmother. I have come back now and will take care of you, and you will soon be well again. But where are my two sisters, are they not here?

John O'Brian. Bridget is a nurse at the hospital, but only makes a bare living for herself. Lena went to Dunrose Castle, into service there as maid, but — but —

Margaret O'Brian. But is gone now, and — and — that is one thing I want to tell you of. We have notice to quit this place because we cannot pay the rent, and we must leave here and cannot stay any longer than to-day. And we do not know where to go or what is to become of us. But I feel that I will not need a place long, and if God spares me to tell you of our wrongs, my son, I shall be content to die. But before I begin, let me know how you made your escape and got back here. Then I will tell you all. While you talk I will rest, and collect my thoughts, to tell you what you must hear.

Dennis O'Brian. My tale is soon told. I took leg-bail on them and was not long in getting on a ship, where I found some of my own countrymen, and they stowed me away; and after I reached Ireland, it did not bother me much to get home; and that is all that is worth the telling. But I will have to keep clear of the constables for a while, for they might want to send me back to that same place again, and I am not ready to go.

John O'Brian. We are very thankful to see you back, even if you did run away from them; but I am sorry you find us so bad off.

Margaret O'Brian. You know we have lived here for a long time

on this place and worked hard to keep ourselves above want and raise our children in the right way. You have often heard how it was that your grandfather here followed the noble Wellington through all his campaigns, and was so terribly wounded at the battle of Waterloo, and since that time has cultivated this poor farm and never was in arrears with his rent until this year. How, though he was crippled in the defense of the honor of England, he has been a slave to a lord, and though oppressed and wronged, that government which he so gallantly defended has never protected him. How your own father, our son, answered the call for soldiers to protect England's interest against the encroachments of Russia, and lost his life in the Crimea, leaving a widow and three little children to mourn his loss. His poor wife soon followed him in death, and you all were left to us to shelter and care for as best we could; and you know too well the many years of watching and struggling it cost us. But the government, whose battles your father gave his life to win, never thought of you, nor cared what became of you. Time rolled on and you were grown to manhood, when the oppression of the landlords, supported by the government, became too much to bear, and a society was organized to protect the people from the tyranny of the landlords and the despotism of the government for whose interests they had so often given their lives to defend and maintain. You being but a boy, full of the impetuosity of youth, feeling the stings of injustice, joined this society, and I need not remind you of the penalty you paid for loving your own people and wanting to see them freed from the yoke of servitude. But deeper wrongs are yet to be told; those you know not of; but such as will tear your heartstrings, and if there be any manhood left in you, will make you swear vengeance against them, and never let you rest content until you have visited that punishment upon them they so richly deserve, and let them suffer as we have done at their hands.

Dennis O'Brian. Never fear, grandmother. Go on, tell me all; and I promise you I will never rest until I have wrung from the oppressors a full recompense for all the wrongs they have done you in my absence.

Margaret O'Brian. Be but patient and you shall hear all. Even more than you will want to know has happened, and would to God it had never occurred; but being done, calls for vengeance.

John O'Brian. Do not tell him any more now, mother; it might excite the boy and make him do something rash. You know he

must keep himself kind of close for a while. You had better not tell him any more now. Wait a little; it won't do to tell all now.

Margaret O'Brian. I will not be here much longer, and I must tell him while I can. Your sister Lena was but a child when you were carried away, but she grew up, very soon, to be a beautiful woman; in size and appearance fully mature, but in disposition and experience a perfect child. She went to Dunrose Castle to do service there as maid. We were too poor to keep the girls, and they had to care for themselves, and we thought it for the best, God knows. Not long after she went there to live, Lord Arthur came to Ireland and spent some time at the castle, where he saw Lena, and her beauty seemed to fascinate him. He did everything he could to accomplish her ruin; but did not succeed until he cloaked his villainies in the lawful guise of a proposal of marriage; but imposed secrecy upon her, and charged her not to tell any of her friends or family about it, as he intended keeping it a secret from his own people, as it would ruin him if found out. And by various means he kept her imagination fed, and held out all the allurements of wealth and station, and thus gained her consent to a secret marriage. You can guess the rest. He had a mock service performed, and she believing she was married, left with him, and they both went to America. After having been gone a year, he has returned without her, and I hear basely deserted her there, in a strange country, without money and without friends. And this was your sister! Beautiful, and as pure as an angel, seduced, debauched, and deserted; ruined for earth and Heaven! And yet that man still lives, and his father orders us to be cast out of this our only shelter, to starve and die where we may. And yet this is Great Britain, a free government! But its provisions do not reach the poor of Ireland, except to sustain their oppressors.

Dennis O'Brian. Ruined for earth and Heaven! Mother, oh mother, I swear to you this base crime shall not go unpunished. He is not worthy to be called a man and suffer such wrongs as these to be heaped upon him, and still bow the suppliant neck. Ah, no! I have not sunk so low as to allow this most unnatural wrong to pass unheeded and unavenged. (*Noise outside. JOHN O'BRIAN goes out and finds bailiff and guards there.*)

John O'Brian. Do go away. We have one more day, and the old woman is very sick and cannot be moved to-day, or I would have been gone. She has been very bad off ever since you were here.

Do give us one more day. It will do no harm to anybody, one day will not, and she is so ill, and the weather is very bad, and we are both so old, and have no place to go to and no one to help us.

Tim Grady. Get out with you. I have my orders and cannot wait a day for anybody, sick or well. I will tumble you all out, and to-day, too.

John O'Brian. (Catching hold of him.) No! no! do not go in, she is very ill and we will leave.

Tim Grady. Out with you. I will get her out, never fear. *(Jerks loose from JOHN, and the old man falls, and TIM GRADY enters. DENNIS has stepped to one side out of view. TIM GRADY going to the bed, catches hold of MRS. O'BRIAN.)*

Tim Grady. Get out of that; you can't fool me; it will not work. *(Pulls her to her feet on the floor. DENNIS rushes towards him, drawing a knife, catches TIM GRADY by the throat, and stabs, and TIM falls to the floor.)*

Dennis O'Brian. Let her loose, and take that to hell with you, where you will have time to make your settlements. *(MARGARET O'BRIAN, being released from his hold, is about to fall, but is caught by DENNIS, who throws his knife down and gently lifts her onto the bed, but the shock has been too much for her, and she is dead.)*

Dennis O'Brian. She is dead! she is dead! and that brute has killed her. *(Guards run in and catch him and pinion his arms, before he realizes what is being done. Looking around and seeing the situation.)* I am lost! I am lost! Ruined for earth and Heaven, and yet I am unavenged on the man who has so cruelly wronged us. *(Exit all.)*

(End of act II, scene 3.)

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Dunrose Manston, London. Enter LADY DUNROSE.*

Lady Dunrose. I am blessed with such a noble son and such a charming and beautiful daughter. Never did a mother have greater reason to feel proud of her children. Both are courted and admired by all they meet. And the way young ladies single out Arthur to lavish their attentions and charms on him, is really disgusting. He could choose any one of them for a wife, and have her for the asking. It is really wonderful. And Cecilia! the gentlemen throng

about and follow her wherever she goes. (*Enter LADY CECILIA.*) Good morning, my daughter, I hope you feel well this morning. After so much gaiety last evening you would hardly be otherwise than tired to-day.

Lady Cecilia. Ah, no! Not tired, but on the contrary very well. I enjoyed the evening so much, and my Lord Clarence was so agreeable; and did you observe how very attentive he was to me? It made the Countess of Beargrass very jealous that I should have commanded his time, when she had intended to secure him for one of her plain daughters. How can I thank you for the beautiful blue dresses you ordered from Worth's. That one I wore last night was so admired by every one. In fact, all ten of them are exquisite in every way, and oh! so lovely and so becoming to me.

Lady Dunrose. They ought to be nice when they cost one hundred pounds apiece. But if they suit you, and are becoming, I do not care for the cost. I am determined you shall appear well dressed.

Lady Cecilia. I was afraid those miserable tenants' not paying their rent would prevent me from getting what I needed. But if I were father I would have the money out of them. What use have they for money, anyway? They have never been accustomed to have anything, and would not know what to do with it if they had. I hate low, common people. I do not see what use they are in the world, and we would be better off if there were none. They are only fit to serve us who require them to wait on us, and do the drudging, for our constitutions are too delicate to work, and besides it is unrefined.

Lady Dunrose. You are right, my daughter. I have always felt that way. But here comes some wine. Your father has just purchased a lot that is said to be very fine—a guinea the bottle; and, if you like, you can join me in sampling a bottle, and we will see if it equals its reputation.

Lady Cecilia. Certainly, most happy to join you. Your health! Ah, it is delicious. I hope he has secured a plenty of it.

Lady Dunrose. Oh yes, he has obtained quite a liberal supply, for we will use a good deal in our entertainments this season.

Lady Cecilia. Mother, I looked in the Heraldry last night when I returned from the party, and find Lord Clarence's family were titled by William the Conqueror. How nice to have such quarterings. Oh, how utterly delightful! And I think he will propose the next time he comes to call. He said last evening he wanted to see

my father on some business as soon as possible, and I know it is to procure his consent; but he need not have taken that trouble. But you know he is such a fine gentleman, and so noble and agreeable, and will have a very large estate with his title. Marchioness of —! I cannot speak the name; it is too delightful to think of. What grand living we will have. Do you think father can afford me a respectable dower? Oh, there come those miserable tenants with the rents unpaid to interfere again with my happiness.

Lady Dunrose. You have every reason to feel proud of the conquest of my Lord, and as to the dower, if we have to turn every one of the wretches off of the estate in order to raise the amount, why we will do it. We cannot afford to sacrifice your future happiness to gratify such a lot of whining, complaining, shiftless set of degraded wretches. Ah, no! not by any means! And if they must all be turned out, why turn them out. And my Lord Dunrose will have no peace, day or night, until he does it. He knows me, and will not dare refuse me anything I ask in earnest; for he knows I am a determined woman and will have my way about such things. Sacrifice a marriage with a noble house like my Lord's, for the sake of the comfort and gratification of such things as tenants! No, never!

Lady Cecilia. How can I express to you my gratitude. For this arranged, and I married to my Lord, then indeed my happiness would be complete — one constant flow of bliss.

Lady Dunrose. Show your gratitude by leaving it all to me, and I tell you, it all shall be arranged satisfactorily. (*Enter LORD DUNROSE.*)

Lord Dunrose. Your sentiments do you honor. But from my mail that reaches me to-day, I fear your expressions are a little positive, considering the condition of our affairs in Ireland. And if you will give me your attention, I will read you what I have received.

Lady Dunrose. What has happened now? No more bad news; and all seemed so smiling and lovely. What can it be to further annoy us?

Lady Cecilia. And my chances so flattering to become a marchioness. It will be too dreadful if anything occurs to prevent it.

Lord Dunrose. A marchioness! Well, Lord Clarence did hint to me that at some convenient time he had something to communicate to me, and that is where the wind lies, is it? But I fear, for the

present, that will have to be postponed, as you will see when I read what I have here. (*Reads.*) "I gave notice on tenants as you ordered, and Tim Grady, a very trusty man, served the notices; and at the proper time to eject them, took a guard, and all those who did not pay the rent he had them set out of doors. But when he came to old O'Brian's, who should be there but Dennis O'Brian, and when Tim undertook to execute the writ, Dennis stabbed him with a knife and killed him. But the guard took Dennis prisoner and he is now in the jail. But if he is not dealt with severely, it will be no use trying to do anything here, as the tenants are all in sympathy with him, and everything looks very discouraging to get any money out of them. If your Lordship can find the time, it might be well for you to just come over and see to the trial; for no one will be safe to do business if the likes of this occurs and goes unpunished." What do you think of that? It seems that the rents are not to be paid and possession surrendered without trouble and bloodshed. But Arthur and I will both go over there and see that the scoundrel gets his dues, and teach the others a lesson they will not forget for a while.

Lady Dunrose. Oh, dear! to think all our plans are interfered with and set at naught by such low, degraded and miserable things as those tenants are. It is humiliating to think that they can in any way control us. Oh, it is dreadful! But I would go and teach that scoundrel what it is to kill one of my bailiffs, in the proper discharge of his duty, in maintaining our rights. The audacity of such a thing! I thought he had been transported. How came he there at that time, I would like to know?

Lord Dunrose. Macguire does not say, and I do not know. But I shall attend to his case when I get over there. But I must see Arthur and prepare for the journey. Delays are dangerous, and if the prosecution is to have any effect, it must be done quickly. There is too much at stake to hesitate now.

Lady Cecilia. I am in despair. I would rather see a hundred tenants starve to death than to have my marriage with my Lord interfered with. Because they have no feelings, they think we have none.

Lord Dunrose (looking around sees Worth's bill). What is this? You do not mean to say you have indulged in this extravagance at this time? (*Reading.*) "Two thousand pounds!" It is not possible! Why, with Arthur's trip to America, and the failure to collect rents, I have already overdrawn my bank account.

Lady Dunrose. You do not suppose we can go naked! If you had begun in time with those tenants, you would have had the rent long ago, and suffered none of this inconvenience; but you left it to Macguire, who does not care what becoms of us. Now, if you go there yourself and let them know you will have it out of them, they can and will pay you all.

Lady Cecilia. How could I ever expect to find a suitable husband unless I dressed becoming my station; and to go into society without fashionable clothes, is to go to be ridiculed and laughed at, and it would be far better not to go at all.

Lord Dunrose. The situation is exasperating, but I cannot waste words now. I must see Arthur and prepare to go to Ireland. I will send for him to come here, and while I wait for him, will be arranging my affairs for our departure. (*Exit LORD DUNROSE.*)

Lady Dunrose. I have no patience with those miserable tenants. And if I had my way and the power, would drive them all out to starve if they did not find some way to live. But we must be preparing for that grand party that we go to this evening, and we have no time to think of such disagreeable, disgusting things—such low, contemptible things as tenants who will not pay their rent.

Lady Cecilia. No, they are not worth considering for a moment. Oh, I will meet my Lord again to-night, and I shall be so happy in his company, and seeing him smile so sweetly upon me. Oh, it is simply lovely to have a handsome young man smile upon you and look as if he could eat you for pure love! Oh, it is heavenly! But I must go to prepare, and I must look my best.

(*End scene 1.*)

SCENE 2.—*Lodgings in London. Enter LORD ARTHUR and PAT McTIERNAN.*

Pat McTiernan. Your Lordship, here is a note from Lord Dunrose; it was just delivered by a servant. (*LORD ARTHUR opens and reads.*)

Lord Arthur. He says he wants to see me at once, and to prepare to go with him to Ireland, as one of his bailiffs has been killed by one of the tenants, because the bailiff was trying to eject him. I do not see what good it would do for me to go there. I do not think it is very healthy over there. I am not entirely over my trip to America, and if I have a relapse it will be fearful hard on me. Pat, that country is not healthy for one in my condition, do you think it is?

Pat McTiernan. You seemed to be very well when there before, sir, and I do not think it likely the country has changed very much, sir. (*Aside.*) I expect he is afraid of meeting some one he does not want to see.

Lord Arthur. I see you want to go yourself and expect to accompany me if I make the trip, and you shall; but mighty little time you will have to frolic when we get there. Confound it! there are all the parties and my little affair with Lady Ann. Why, I could marry her and get enough dower with her to keep me going for some time; but this knocks it all up, to be sure. By Jove, it is hard luck for a fellow to be so near taking the game and then be compelled to give up the chase, you know. By Jove, it is rather hard. But I do not want to go to Ireland. That woman might get back, and—and—she might be troublesome, you know. Pat, do you know what tenant it was that did the killing?

Pat McTiernan. I heard, sir, that it was Dennis O'Brian, sir; and that he had just got back from transportation, sir, and that he stuck a knife in Tim Grady, sir, and that was all I heard, sir.

Lord Arthur. What Dennis O'Brian? Lena's brother?

Pat McTiernan. The very same, sir, as I live. (*Aside.*) That scares him all over.

Lord Arthur. Then I do not want to go there. The fellow might take offense at what I did—that little affair with Lena—and take a notion to stick a knife in me, too. That malaria, it is very bad again, and it would be out of all reason for me to expose myself to a relapse by going to such a country as Ireland. But I must go to my father, and learn from him what he wants to do. (*Exit LORD ARTHUR.*)

Pat McTiernan. A fine young man that, to be sure. And "Dennis might take offense at what he had done!" Dennis would be a dog if he did not, and you well may talk about the country being unhealthy. It is, for the likes of you. (*Exit.*)

(*End of scene 2, act III.*)

SCENE 3.—*Lord Dunrose's Mansion, London. Enter LORDS DUNROSE and ARTHUR.*

Lord Dunrose. Well, you received my message, did you?

Lord Arthur. Yes, sir, and am here in response to it. If I may ask, what is it that called for so much haste?

Lord Dunrose (*handing him MACGUIRE's letter*). Read that and see what you think of it. It is my opinion that we cannot be too prompt in taking action in the premises; and cost what it may, we are bound to get that fellow convicted and executed; for while he lives our own lives are not safe. It is a high-handed outrage to kill an officer of the law in the discharge of his duty.

Lord Arthur. It looks as though it was rather taking things by storm. By Jove, it does. And we are not sure that he will not try his hand on us if it is in his power. But I will be careful to keep out of his way if that is his style, you know. It would not be very pleasant, you know, to have one's self dissected while yet alive. By Jove, it would not be just the thing. It might be disfiguring.

Lord Dunrose. Now, Arthur, I have made up my mind that you and I had better go to Ireland immediately, and see that Dennis O'Brian has a trial as soon as possible, and is convicted, and no time lost in his execution. You can go and prepare to make the trip, for our own safety depends upon it.

Lord Arthur. Do you think it is necessary for me to go, too? My health is very poor, you know, and this accursed malaria is all through my system, and I might have a relapse, and, by Jove, that might be very serious in its consequences, you know.

Lord Dunrose. Come, come! I think it best for both of us to go, so do not waste any time in getting ready for the journey.

Lord Arthur. My health is so poor, don't you think you could get along without me? Oh, that malaria; it is awful! And they might bring it out about the woman, and that would ruin my prospects with Lady Ann, you know; and she is very sweet on me just now, and if I propose she will no doubt accept me, and you see this is a critical time. Don't you think you could get along without me over there?

Lord Dunrose. I admit it is very hard to take you away from so charming a young lady, but I have thought the matter over and think it best for you to go with me. There will be a great many things to be attended to there, and you will have to go to assist me. In such cases it will not do to trust anything to servants. Besides, the value of my estates in Ireland depends on the blow we strike now; for unless we make such things odious, we will never be able to collect our rents at all, as they would kill all our agents who undertook to enforce payment. We must prosecute this fellow above any other for your safety. If he will kill a bailiff who only repre-

sents us, you may be sure he only wants an opportunity to take our lives too. So go now and prepare for the voyage, as it will soon be time for us to start.

Lord Arthur. Well, if you think best, I will go; but fear that awful malaria that is all through my system. (*Enter LADIES DUNROSE and CECILIA.*) This is awful news from Ireland. I do not know what is to become of us if this goes on much longer. There is no telling where it will all end; and we go to Ireland.

Lady Dunrose. Yes, yes. And do not let your father show them any mercy, but see to collecting all the rents.

Lady Cecilia. Just think how terrible to kill an officer of the law in the discharge of his duty, and by a man who had been transported, and whose sister had left a good home and service to run off with some worthless fellow and disgrace herself. It is a bad family, all of them, and that man ought to be hanged. Hanging is too good for him. With a knife to kill an officer who was simply doing his duty. Ah, those tenants! I hate them all, and do not see that they are good for anything except to wrong people. The ungrateful wretches! When we furnish them everything they have, and then they do not want to pay the rent.

Lady Dunrose. Look to it, Arthur, that they get justice done them, and do not let one of them escape. That miserable girl! No doubt when she hears her brother is in trouble, she will be coming back with that pretty face of hers to try and use it to defeat justice. But you and your father must see to it, that it does no good. A woman with a pretty face can sometimes do wonders with men, even men of station. But you are going to prepare for your journey, and we will not detain you any longer, so good-bye.

Lord Arthur. Good-bye, mother. I will try to remember all you say, and do it. That is a very bad family, I know. Farewell, Cecilia.

Lady Cecilia. Adieu! And do not forget to do all you can to have the bailiff avenged. And if the girl turns up, just have her sent to the work-house or some other place, for running away. I know it was with some low fellow she ran away.

Lord Dunrose. Well, are you through? If so, listen to me. Do not indulge in any foolish extravagance while I am gone, and when I get those affairs in Ireland arranged and return, I will have time to consider things of less importance.

Lady Dunrose. What, call my daughter's settlement in life of less

importance than a bailiff and a few tenants, who, if they had their just deserts, would all be hanged! But we will not discuss the subject further; but hope you will remember your family requires means to live upon, and the tenants must pay their rent, come what will.

Lord Dunrose. Very good. But things are sometimes more easily said than done. I must say good-bye, and when I return will hope to find you well and happy. If it chance that I will be detained there very long, I may send for you. And Cecilia, if my Lord Clarence seems to desire it, you can invite him over to Dunrose Castle, where there is capital hunting and fishing.

Lady Dunrose. You see that Dennis O'Brian gets his just dues, and, if need be, we will come over too. Farewell!

Lady Cecilia. I will certainly invite my Lord Clarence if you send for us. Adieu! Adieu!

(*End act III, scene 3.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*Room in Ireland. Enter LORDS DUNROSE and ARTHUR, and COLLINS.*

Lord Dunrose. You see, Mr. Collins, this is a very aggravated case, and we must secure a conviction at all hazards. You know what our reasons are for wanting to get rid of this man. Our own personal safety depends upon it. And you may rest assured that you shall be well paid for your services; and no stone must be left unturned.

Collins. But, my Lord, it will be difficult to secure a conviction for murder, when the man supposed to have been killed still lives. The defense may get wind of it, and then we could do nothing.

Lord Dunrose. Never fear, I will see that the attorney for the defense shall be well cared for, and they have no way of connecting the man in the hospital with the bailiff supposed to have been killed. And long before he gets well, we can have the fellow tried, convicted and executed. Positively, sir, if an example is not made of this fellow, my estates in Ireland will not be worth the owning. Besides, our personal safety demands his execution; and I had rather sacrifice the lives of half my tenantry than endanger our own.

Collins. Perfectly right, sir; perfectly right. And I shall do my best, and God help him, for He alone can save him when we begin.

Lord Arthur. My life is in danger, and in the shattered condition of my constitution, this sort of thing is not pleasant. The fellow, I hear, swears vengeance against me on account of my little affair with his sister, you know, when he ought to feel flattered, by Jove. The malaria is affecting me, and I wish I could go back to England; it is far more agreeable. But if I must stay, will have to endure it, you know. You think we can get rid of this fellow? It will be a great relief; avoid scandal, you know.

Collins. Well, if you have no further instructions, I will go and prepare for the case, as it is nearly time for the court to be opened. We do not want any delays, and if we can exclude the old man's testimony, as I think we can, there will be virtually no defense, unless the man Tim Grady turns up in court.

Lord Dunrose. I do not see that they have anything else that would mitigate the aggravation, if you can get the court to exclude his evidence. As to Tim Grady appearing, there is no danger of his being able to leave the hospital for some time to come. But we will adjourn to the court. (*Exit all.*)

(*End scene 1, act IV.*)

SCENE 2.—*Court room in Ireland. Enter JUDGE, OFFICERS, ETC.*

Collins. May it please the court: The cause now coming on to be heard is the Crown *vs.* Dennis O'Brian, charged with the crime of murder; and for and in behalf of the Crown, I am here to announce ready for trial.

Judge. What says the defendant, is he ready?

Flinnagan. The defendant is ready, your honor.

Collins. The defendant is charged in this indictment with the offense of murder.

Judge. How does the defendant plead to the charge — guilty or not guilty?

Flinnagan. Not guilty, and on this he is willing to put himself upon the country.

Judge. Call the jury, and let them enter the box as called.

(*Clerk calls jury, and they enter the box.*)

Judge. What says the Crown's attorney to the panel?

Collins. The Crown will take the jury.

Judge. What says defendant?

Flinnagan. The defendant is satisfied with the jury.

Judge. You will proceed to open your case, Mr. Crown Attorney.

Collins. May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury: This defendant is charged in this indictment with the crime of murder, and we expect to prove every material allegation set forth therein. And we do not think it in the power of the defence to produce any evidence that will be in contravention thereof. That Dennis O'Brian, as is set out in this indictment, did unlawfully and with his malice aforethought, willfully and maliciously assault and kill, with a knife, one Tim Grady, an officer of the law, in the lawful discharge of his official duties, on or about the 10th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 18—, in the county of —, in Ireland, against the peace and dignity of the Crown, we expect to prove conclusively. And we will further prove that at that time he was an escaped convict, having been sentenced to transportation, and his term was not then, nor is it yet expired. All these facts we will plainly show to the satisfaction of this court and this jury, and we do not think it is in the power of this defendant to prove anything to the contrary. We will call bailiff as first witness. (*Bailiff, after being sworn, takes the stand.*)

Collins. What is your occupation?

Bailiff. I am second bailiff, sir.

Collins. Do you know the defendant in this case? If so, point him out, and tell his name, if you know it.

Bailiff. Dennis O'Brian is his name, and that is the man. (*Pointing.*)

Collins. Where were you, and what were you doing, on or about December 10, 18—?

Bailiff. I was with Tim Grady, ejecting tenants on the Dunrose estate.

Collins. State whether or not you saw this defendant there, and if so, what took place when you saw him.

Bailiff. It was at old John O'Brian's, and while I stood outside, Tim Grady went in to get the old woman out, and I saw this defendant run at Tim Grady and catch him by the throat and stick a knife into him, and Tim Grady fell down dead, sir, and the guards and I ran into the house and took him prisoner; and while some carried Tim Grady home to be buried, I took charge of the prisoner and carried him to jail, sir. That is all I know about it, sir.

Collins. Do you know that Tim Grady was killed at that time?

Bailiff. I do, sir. I saw him dead there, before my own eyes.

Collins. Do you know whether or not Tim Grady was an officer of the law?

Bailiff. Sure and I did ; for I was one myself, and was there with him, and he was doing his duty in ejecting tenants.

Collins. We are through with this witness.

Flinnagan. I do not wish to cross-examine the witness.

Collins. I wish to introduce a record to show a former conviction of this defendant for felony, and his sentence to transportation.

Flinnagan. We admit that fact, as it is a matter of record in this court.

Collins. Then the prosecution will rest, as we have already proven the material allegations set out in the indictment.

Flinnagan. May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury: We do not expect to prove that Dennis O'Brian did not make the attack on Tim Brady, as testified to by the bailiff, but we do expect to show such mitigating and exasperating circumstances as drove him to make the attack ; and for that purpose will introduce on the witness stand the grandfather of the defendant, who will testify to the harsh manner of the officer, and to a previous conversation which had just taken place between the defendant and his grandmother, and had so excited him that he was unable to control himself, and in the sudden heat of passion, did the deed for which he is being tried. John O'Brian will take the stand and be sworn. (*Takes the stand and is sworn.*)

Flinnagan. Now, John O'Brian, please tell the court and jury what the conversation was that had so aroused Dennis just before the bailiff came to your house.

Collins. I object to the admission of any testimony touching what occurred before the bailiff reached there, as it is irrelevant and not a part of the *res gestæ*. Nothing can be admitted but what is directly bearing on the facts in the case, and nothing transpiring prior or subsequent thereto can have any application whatever. Therefore think your honor will exclude this evidence.

Judge. The objection is well taken.

Flinnagan. If the court adheres strictly to this ruling, the defense has no further evidence to present, and will simply ask the mercy of the court and the jury in behalf of the accused, and reluctantly announce that the defense has closed.

Collins. May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury: It is only necessary to remind your honor of the law applicable in this case, that you may instruct the jury as to their duty. The indictment has been sustained by the evidence, and there is nothing further to be done in behalf of the Crown, since there has been no defence made. Gentlemen of the jury, it will hardly be worth the while to call your attention to the facts, as the testimony is direct and positive, and entirely unincumbered with any conflicting evidence. You will therefore have no trouble, under the instructions of the court, in finding a verdict; and that can only be to find the defendant guilty. It is a painful duty for a jury to render a verdict that will result in the execution of a fellow being; but where a man so far forgets himself as to take the life of another, and that, too, without provocation and in cold blood, as is plainly shown to have been done in this case, all sentimentalities must be laid aside, and let the majesty of the law take its course. And to-day you will vindicate the honor of the Crown, and discharge your duty as good citizens, by rendering a verdict in accordance with the evidence that has been presented before you.

Judge. Gentlemen of the jury: You have heard the evidence in the case, and if you believe from the testimony that the defendant is guilty, you will so find in your verdict. But if there is a reasonable doubt in your minds as to the fact that the defendant did do the killing, then in that case you will acquit the defendant. You can select your own foreman, and he will take charge of the papers in the case, and when you have arrived at your verdict, you will write it down and the foreman will present it to the court in your presence. If you have already made up your minds, it will not be necessary to leave the box; but if not, you can retire for further deliberation. (*Jury consult in box.*)

Foreman. We have agreed on a verdict, and I have been selected foreman to present it to your honor. (*Presents verdict. Court reads.*)

Judge. "We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of murder as charged in the indictment." The court will allow the defendant time for such motions for new trial or to take the necessary steps for an appeal, if he desires; and if he does not wish to take advantage of these rights, then the court, at the expiration of the time allowed by law, will pass sentence on the prisoner in accordance with the law and the verdict. The officer will take charge of the prisoner and be prepared to produce him in court at the proper time. Court will have recess.

John O'Brian. Oh, my son! my son! Is it possible that you have been convicted, and I was not allowed to testify in your defense. What will become of me! what will become of me! Oh, Dennis! Oh, my son! Is it a dream, a terrible dream, or can all I have seen be true!

Dennis O'Brian. Dear grandfather, do not distress yourself about me. It is not more than could be expected. Justice will never be given a poor man in this country. And when he has offended the rich, there is no law for his benefit; but he must be gotten out of the way. Cheer up, cheer up! You still have Bridget to look after you; and poor Lena, she may come back to you again. I am but another victim to the oppression that is crushing the people of our poor unhappy country. Soon the cup will overflow, and then — (*Leading him out.*)

John O'Brian. My poor son! my poor son! I cannot live much longer. This is too much! This is too much!

Lord Dunrose. Well, Arthur, I think we are nearly rid of him. Collins, you managed well; and if we can keep things dark for a few days, it will be the end of him at least, and I will breathe easier.

Collins. Oh, yes, I think everything is in a flattering condition. But you had better give Flinnagan employment that will take him away for a few days, and I will move the court at the earliest time possible to pass sentence upon him. Then it will all be over with him, unless he has more influence to secure his pardon than I think he can command. You had better look after Flinnagan, my Lord. "A hint to the wise," you know.

Lord Dunrose. I shall do so at once. Arthur, send for your mother and sister. We will celebrate our victory by making Dunrose Castle the scene of pleasure. (*Exit all.*)

(*End scene 2, act IV.*)

SCENE 3.—*Hospital. Enter TIM GRADY and BRIDGET O'BRIAN.*

Tim Grady. What is the matter, my good nurse? You are very downhearted to-day. What has gone wrong with you?

Bridget O'Brian. Oh, you are a stranger, but I have had so much trouble, and everything seems to have gone wrong with me and my family. My poor brother! He has been convicted of murder, and will be sentenced to-day to be hung, and I want to go to the court to see him once more. Oh, my poor brother! They never give a poor

man a chance for his life in this country, and we have no friends to help us.

Tim Grady. My good woman, do not distress yourself. May be something can yet be done for him. What is his name, and whom did he kill?

Bridget O'Brian. My brother's name is Dennis O'Brian, and he killed one of my Lord Dunrose's bailiffs. I do not know his name; but nothing can be done to help him, I know. It is too late.

Tim Grady. What, Dennis O'Brian! Old John O'Brian's grandson! Has he been convicted?

Bridget O'Brian. Indeed he has, and will get his sentence to-day.

Tim Grady. Is he your brother? You who have nursed me into life again?

Bridget O'Brian. He is my brother, my only brother. And Lord Arthur took my sister off with him to America, and grandmother had just been telling him about it when the bailiff got there, and his patience was all gone. But he has a good heart, and had only come back from Australia, where he had been transported. And to think that just after he had reached home! Oh, my poor brother! I wish I could save you. What would I not give to save you.

Tim Grady. My dear good woman, I can and will save him. I am the man he is charged with killing, and it is an outrage on humanity the way this prosecution has been conducted. And since you have explained to me how it came about, I bear him no malice; and for your sake, if nothing else, I will go to the court room, and there prove to the court that your brother has been wrongfully convicted. And in the future, I for one will never persecute my own people again.

Bridget O'Brian. Is what you say true? And can you really save my brother's life? I am so glad.

Tim Grady. Indeed it is true, and I will do it. But you will have to assist me, as I am too weak to go by myself.

Bridget O'Brian. Oh, I will do anything. You are now so thin and light, I think I might even carry you there, if necessary to save his life. And to think all this time I have been nursing you, and never knew who you were! But you came in while I was away. I had gone to my grandmother's funeral. You know she died at that time.

Tim Grady. What, did she die at that time? And I did not believe she was even sick. My own roughness killed her. And it was

that caused your brother to attack me. I see it all. I was a brute then, but am the more determined to deliver him. Ah! this is a vile conspiracy to take an innocent man's life, and I have been kept in ignorance of all that has been taking place, so that their schemes to take his life might not be interfered with.

Bridget O'Brian. We have but little time to spare if we are to get there in time to save his life, so we had better be off. Let me assist you, and, with God's help, we will be in time.

Tim Grady. It is to save a man's life, and we must be there in time. And may God and the Holy Mother help us! Such crimes as these will make every Irishman a patriot, and such wrongs cry out with flaming tongues to every man who has a soul, to rise up in the defense of his country; and makes us realize that we have been slaves. But this will not last much longer. When Irishmen are once aroused — and such damnable outrages as this will soon awaken them — nothing will check them; and they will sweep every vestige of this despotism from the land. But let us go to prevent this murder of your brother. God help us and him! (*Exit all.*)

(*End scene 3, act IV.*)

SCENE 4.— *Court-room in Ireland. Enter LORDS and LADIES, COURT, ATTORNEYS, ETC.*

Lord Dunrose. This is the scene of our triumph. To-day we will have the victory complete, and it will establish the rights of land-lords.

Lady Dunrose. It is time, I am sure, that those creatures had been taught to know their places, and that they owe all they have to their lords and masters.

Lady Cecilia. Will he soon be brought in? I know he looks like a monster. It will do me good to see him get his dues.

Collins. I did not think you so hard-hearted, my Lady, as to want to see anybody executed.

Lady Cecilia. Oh, this is such a monster and a brute, and has committed a murder, and has been transported, and belongs to a horrid family. And besides, what difference does it make to such things as they are, whether they live or die?

Lord Dunrose. I say, Collins, everything works to our purpose, does it? I acted on your suggestion about Flinnagan.

Collins. It could not have gone off better, and you will soon see

the end of it, as the court will only allow him the accustomed opportunity to say why sentence should not be passed upon him; and if he fail at that time to show cause, he is past redemption. Ha! ha! (*Enter prisoner and guards. Others, following in the rear, enter.*)

Lord Dunrose. See to everything, Collins, and be sure there are no slips; for you see I have my family and friends here to witness our triumph. Look sharp!

Lady Cecilia. Why, he is quite handsome looking. I wonder what he will say. What are those other people doing here, they have just arrived? Oh, what a beautiful lady, dressed in black!

Lady Dunrose. Look, my Lords, can you tell me who the strangers are, who have just come into court? Arthur, do you know who the lady is? She is lovely looking, and the gentleman is handsome.

Lord Dunrose. I do not know who they are, but will inquire after a while.

Lady Cecilia. Do you know, Arthur? (*LORD ARTHUR recognizes LENA.*)

Lord Arthur. Ah, how should I know everybody? I am no directory. I am so afflicted with the malaria. They are looking over here now. It is a piece of impudence. The malaria is very trying on me. (*Aside.*) What is she doing here, and who is that man with her? I feel as if it was all over with me now. It looks like that American attorney.

Judge. Dennis O'Brian, have you aught to say why the sentence of the law shall not be passed upon you? If so, you are at liberty to state it.

Dennis O'Brian. That the trial at which I was convicted was a farce, no one who knows the circumstances will hesitate to affirm. It is not that I fear the penalty of the law that I would wish to live, but that there are those who need my protection from the wrongs that have been and are being heaped upon them. But as I have not even been allowed to introduce such evidence as I had at hand, it gives me no choice. But while the law takes its course, Justice stands aloof, and I die as I have lived, for the freedom of Ireland, and am one more added to the list of martyrs who died for the liberties of their people.

Brady. May it please the court: Before sentence is passed on this prisoner, I wish to be heard in his behalf, as his counsel is not here, it seems, and I have been employed by his friends to represent him.

Collins. I object to any one appearing for the prisoner as his attorney, who, for aught we know, is not an attorney of this court; and it is late in the day to be changing counsel.

Judge. Let the gentleman state who and what he is.

Brady. My name is Brady, and not unknown to your honor in times long past, at Trinity College, Dublin, and I feel sure the court will not require anything further from me at present than to say I represent this man by legal employment. I have just arrived from America, and have had no time to fortify myself with my papers.

Judge. You have permission of the court to proceed.

Brady. In the first place, Dennis O'Brian has been convicted of murder, and the man murdered was Tim Grady. Come forward, Tim Grady, and be identified. (*TIM GRADY takes the stand, pale and weak.*) State to the court who you are, and when you learned about the trial.

Tim Grady. My name is Tim Grady, sir, and I am a bailiff, sir, and have been in the hospital, and very bad off, sir. I only found out about the trial to-day, sir, and with the assistance of my nurse, who had saved my life, came down here to save an innocent man's life. For it was my fault that he struck me as he did. And I am the same Tim Grady that was at the O'Brian cottage and got stabbed for serving a brute; and if ever I serve another lord against my own people, may the devil fly away with me.

Judge. Is it possible that the prisoner has been convicted for killing a man who is still alive? (*To bailiff.*) Is this the man you testified had been killed, in your evidence in the trial of Dennis O'Brian?

Second Bailiff. It is the very same, sir, and the dead has come to life, to be sure; for as sure as I live, I saw him killed at that time.

Lord Dunrose. What does all this mean? and who is this officious person who has come here at this hour to interfere and defeat all our plans?

Collins. I never saw him before, but fear he has undone us, for it appears he knows everything about the case.

Lord Arthur. I have the malaria all through me. What is to become of us? That is that American attorney, and he will get us all into trouble, no doubt. (*Aside.*) Oh, that woman, she will be the death of me! She has caused all my trouble, and he here with her.

Lady Dunrose. Is this fellow come here to interfere in our affairs? I would like to pull his nose, and if I were a man, would do it for him.

Lord Dunrose. Arthur, he seems to have an understanding with your man. What, does Pat know him? And will he betray us and our plans to that fellow? If he does, we are undone.

Lord Arthur. If he has, I will discharge the fellow without character. But it would be my luck if he has done so. Oh, the malaria! the malaria! it unfits me for anything.

Lady Cecilia. What are they waiting for? I thought it would not take long for the sentence, and then we were all to go on with the hunting party, and it will soon be too late to overtake them.

Lord Dunrose. This is no time for hunting parties. That fellow is about to ruin us all with his accursed officiousness.

Brady. I think it is clear to the court that this man has been convicted of an offence he had never committed. And that there has been a deep-laid conspiracy to take his life, I am prepared to prove, by unimpeachable evidence; and can further unfold the reasons that prompted this conspiracy. That such a scheme should have ever been originated shows the rottenness of the system of government under which it could have existed. It is such gross injustice as has been practiced by this self-constituted tyrant that makes all Ireland cry out for relief; and every such act but cements the people, and moves them by a common inspiration to throw off the yoke of tyranny that so mercilessly galls them. Can any man who deserves the name of man, listen to such wrongs and not have his very blood boil within him? And do you expect the people, driven to desperation by the perpetration of every conceivable wrong upon them, to still bow patiently the suppliant knee? Oh, no! they do not know Ireland or her people if they think so. But the case at bar is too diabolical to be believed as occurring in this day of civilization in any country. Conspiracy to take a man's life under the cloak of justice! And for what reason was it undertaken? Because a guilty conscience so haunted two men, bearing honorable names, for the deepest wrongs heaped upon this poor family, that they knew did they get justice at the hands of this young man they would pay the penalty with their lives. And this is why they are here to-day, to witness this poor man's sentence in the name of justice, that they might rest at ease. But they have failed to carry their end, but have done most valiant service for the freedom of Ireland.

Lord Arthur. Ah, that malaria! Confound that fellow!

Lord Dunrose. We are undone! We are ruined!

Judge. The prisoner will be discharged, as the clerk has re-

ceived a proclamation of pardon that had been issued prior to his escape. Mr. Attorney, can you substantiate the charges of conspiracy you have just made in this court?

Brady. May it please your honor, I would like to confer with my Lords Dunrose and Arthur, before taking any further steps in this matter.

Judge. Permission is granted.

Dennis O'Brian. Can it be that I am indeed free! (LENA, BRIDGET, JOHN O'BRIAN and TIM GRADY all surround him, kissing and shaking hands.) Oh, this is too much joy! and when I had expected to be sentenced! Lena, my sister! My sister! (*Embraces her.*) It was your wrongs that made me wild, and Bridget and grandfather, how happy we all are.

Tim Grady. I forgive you, Dennis. God bless you! And we will go hand in hand fighting for the freedom of Ireland. It has made me see that my own people are slaves to a few lords, who use us while they may, and kick us out to die, when of no further use to them.

Dennis O'Brian. Thank you, Tim. I was sorry all the time when I thought I had killed you. But as now I know I have not the life blood of one of my countrymen upon me, I rejoice in your forgiveness, and thank you kindly. For it was you and that sweet lawyer — God bless him — who have saved my life.

Brady. My Lords, it is useless to bandy words. I have the proof to convict you, and you know you are guilty. I also know and have proof of your marriage, Lord Arthur, with Lena O'Brian; and it has been all proven up. And as you have an heir, you had better recognize her as your wife and present her to your family. The bogus marriage, as you thought, is legal and binding. So you had better accept the situation.

Lord Arthur. What shall I do! It cannot be so! It is some scheme you have devised to force me to take her as my wife, and have brought her here from America for that purpose. I tell you I never married her.

Brady. Not so fast. I have the proofs with me, and the witnesses are here. So do not deny the fact, my Lord Dunrose. I will expect you to make suitable provision for the poor people you have so deeply wronged, now related to your family through the marriage of your son.

Lord Dunrose. I will never accede to your demands.

Lord Arthur. Nor will I. That malaria! It's all through me.

Brady. Take your choice, gentlemen — prison or my terms. For when once I leave you, there will be the cause of Ireland on one side, and two worthless Lords on the other; and it would not be hard to prophesy the result. So make your choice, and at once.

Lord Arthur. Let him have his way, father; he is a fearful fellow. And this malaria! I cannot stand scenes.

Lord Dunrose. Well, he seems to have us in his power.

Brady. My Lady, go to your husband and be presented to your husband's family. (*LENA goes to ARTHUR.*) May it please the court, everything has been amicably arranged, and I ask leave to withdraw my charges for the present.

Lady Dunrose. What do I see! What does this mean! We are disgraced! It is too much! too much! Take me away.

Brady. Pat McTiernan, I must inform you that your investments in American mines have made you a millionaire, and it will not be necessary for you to serve my Lord any longer, as he has a true-hearted Irishwoman to take care of him.

Pat McTiernan. Good news again! Well! well! I am rich and so are all my friends, but some are not satisfied with the situation.

To laugh at first may end in tears;
And those may laugh who start with fears.
But woe will end when grief is past —
The better part's to laugh at last.

(*End act IV.*)

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